# A SUDDEN SUBMISSION.

When Miss Winifred Driscoll left the Western University, where her education had been completed, she realized that she merely had learned what she wisned to and to despise the other. know. The acquisition of this knowledge was to be the purpose of her future life. She was independent of intellect, which she worshiped, and of body, which she affected to despise. There was no reason why she should not become a Hypatiaeven if Hypatia was beautiful.

True, there was her guardian, Amos Grantley-it was to his home in the Eastern metropolis whither she was now boundbut so long as she did not exceed her allowance he would never interfere with her plans. As for his wife and daughter, they treated her with that deferent affection which a prodigy intuitively demands.

Miss Driscoll's itinerary took her over a little-traveled road, through a sparsely-inhabited country. There were but few passengers in the car with her; indeed, there seemed but few on the train, judging from the leisure which the negro porters found for card-playing and reveling in a rear section. For some reason, they were unruly and boisterous, but Winnie didn't mind their conduct, for she ignored it. She bore with her a folio work on philosophy and it was an aegis against distraction. As for the lack of society, she was vastly pleased. People who had never written had. Coquetry was beyond her Litany; she Apparently not at all. He seemed to glory needed no deliverance from it. The modern young man she contemned as the shadow of an ideal. Had hers been the days of Wallace or Nelson, or even Elisworth, she might have deemed love a subject worthy of mature deliberation. But as it was, she was skeptical of its existence, and contemptous of its nature, if it did exist,

There was a young man on her very car. also read. That was right. It would be he doubtiess had a right to be; therefore, let him go into oblivion with the porters. Winnie did not even trouble herself, for it would have been a trouble, to scan his face. For one thing, she was near-sighted -a defect which gave a dreamy charm to interested to risk losing her place.

One day, in the loneljest part of this lonely journey, there was much jolting and stopping and backing of train and shriek-ing of engine. Any ordinary young woman would have put her head out of the win-dow to the detriment of her hat; but Winher bonnet. If there had been a collision ahead, and all running on time was disarranged, she presumed that the train hands However, towards evening, when they reached an isolated hut called the "junction," and the car in which she rode was shunted on a siding, and the train went on without it, and there were no sights nor sounds of the train on the bisecting road, which was to annex and draw it, then Winnie deigned to make inquiries, for she had not planned to camp out, which produced both chagrin and alarm. She twenty-four hours. She perceived that her toxicated, and that several of his associates, in similar condition, too, had contrived to be left with him. But Winnie had the stout heart of inexperience. Her personal dignity had always sustained her in the crises of school life. She, therefore, relied upon a veil as if it were a shield.

When the porter roughly announced that "those who wanted to eat had better up stump lively to the hotel, a mile distant down the cross road," she shrugged her shoulders and said she wasn't hungry, thus proving her allegiance to the state of pupilage, and resumed her reading. The rest of the company, two fat and selfish middle-aged men, intent on cocktails; an old couple with an irritable grandchild, and the modest young man, departed. None of them heeded her except this latter, who advanced and hesitated and stopped, and then, discouraged by her indifference, went

So the girl was left alone, as she thought, and the lights blinked and glimmered, and the night came down, not darkly, but like a mountain mist. From the wood issued brook, a lulling sound of which she was conscious, as one who listens to singing ment. But, of a sudden, her thoughts leaped from the page to herself, her physi-cal self, now revealed as a shrine most precious, most sacred. Within that peace-ful lullaby other sounds were obtruding, obscurity. Was there not a stealthy step? Oh! was there not a stifled breathing? Winnie sprang to her feet and looked about. She caught one glimpse of a dark, crouching form, one gleam from wickedly-glowering eyes. She flung her heavy volume full in the wretch's face, and then sped through The way was winding, threading the wood ject high in the air. It was the ball on the flagstaff of the hotel, and to Winnie a star of hope. As she ran she prayed, and as she prayed she listened. At first there were wrathful cries and heavy following treads. Then these faded away, and with the silence came reassurance. She was safe. Perhaps her danger had never been real. But, oh, how frightened she was; and, oh, how hard she struggles on! A great sorrow for herself enthralled her, such a poor, frail little thing, alone in the gloomy wood! But was she alone? Oh, God, into what evil had she rushed! For, as she turned a bend that led through a verificial thicker. bend that led through a veritable thicket. from either side a burly form sprang out

Then Winnie screamed—she who had ever ridiculed such weakness—a thrilling, piercing cry that asserted its potency. For, oh! there was an answering shout, such a brave, manly huzza, the dash of rapid feet, a fierce thrust, a violent fall, a stalwart blow, and some one grasped her hand.
"Can you run?" asked this some one
"Yes, yes!" gasped the girl.
"Come on, then, for your life," and down

the road fied the intellectual Miss Driscoll,

clinging with the grip of terror to a strange Ah, but he could run, could this unknown: even his great assisting strength, even the impulse of the avengers behind, could scarce give equality to Winnie's feet. And yet, she had been so reliant on her physical training! Ah, but she had never been prepared against the tremors of such an emergency. She had never dreamed that such depravity could exist, much less dare to maintain its mysterious horrors. Never again would she boast of beindependence. If this masculine strength would only suffice to drag her into safety, well content would she be to cling to it for the remain-der of her life. Her heart swelled within her throat. Her limbs shook and faltered. Connected thoughts deserted her; she was merely conscious of fighting through the darkness against the clog of her own weakness. On, on, she dragged and was dragged, up hills and over plains, until a curve sent a sudden flash of light. Her comrade gave an exultant shout, and raised her in his arms as she staggered; then, on and on, in a final burst, until he bore her fainting

It was the following day when Winnie regained her identity. A motherly-looking woman stood by her bedside, assuring her of her safety and of her speedy recovery from exertion and fright. And, indeed, the girl's strong vitality asserted itself, and in security she shook off the effects of her adventure, as one rejects the remembrance of nightmare. One particular, however, she cherished, and that tenderly. "But that young man who aided me?"

into the hotel.

she asked. "Where is he?" "Him, is it?" replied the landlady. "A proper young gentleman, to be sure, so anxious and so liberal. He had the whole house aroused in your service. But when the physician said you would be all right after a sleep, why, he rode away to the county seat, where, it seems, he had important business."

'But his name?" Winnie faltered. "Lord love you, Miss, he didn't leave no name. He was that hurried and we was that flustrated, and him so ready and free Winnie sighed and grew thoughtful, but her thoughts were not of her book. "You had this 'ere clinched in your little hand," continued the matron, producing an antique, intaglio ring. Winnie blushed as she furtively but vainly examined it in The entire swim was made without stimu-search of an inscription; then she placed it lants, and I restricted myself to the breast

personal reminiscences. It was a month later, that, throughout her guardian's home there was a pleasurable excitement, which seemed silly to Winnie. The idea of such a fuss being made over the entertainment of an old | ficult to breathe. I returned to Messina in woman and her son at dinner! They were not even strangers, either; for Mrs. Neames was the widow of her guardian's former partner, and still retained a share in the business, and Ambrose, the son-what a Cincinnati Tribune. -his confidential clerk. True, as little Miss

spect for the lady, on account of her un-common strength of character, and an equal esteem for the young man for his fidelity and truth." But, what of that? All women were respectable, and all only sons amiable; but of this particular couple Winnie was quite prepared to ignore the one

Indeed, since her arrival, Miss Driscoll's good friends had been perturbed by a cerwas to be the purpose of her future life.

Among the many well-fixed ideas in her very clever little mind, the best fixed was her ability to care for and direct berself. found a volume of poetry.
"Can she be in love?" asked Mrs. Grant-

ley, recalling her own maidenhood. "Why, mamma," replied the daughter, "how absurd! She hates men, and never ceases from ridiculing them." Winnie descended to meet the guests with

an air more befitting a dismissal than a welcome. She found a stately and weighty dame, with coloress, almost livid com-plexion and aggressively-rolled white hair; and a demure young man, brown of hair and eyes and mustache.

With the mental comments, "Virago" and "ninny," she gave herself over to hospitable cares. Her companion at dinner doubtless thought her taciturn; but then his mother furnished a ready excuse. The old lady was discursive, and on a subject, too, which might have proved embarrassing to a more resolute-appearing young man; but Ambrose merely smiled affably. She discoursed on the tantrums of his childhood, the misdemeanors of his youth, and the feelings of his maturity, and ascribed great credit to her watchfulness that he was no worse than he was.

"I keep the reins pretty tight yet," continued Mrs. Neames. "No night key, no cigars or cards. A strict reckoning of every cent expended." "But we all lean on Ambrose in the office," ventured Mr. Grantley. "I know. We talk business over every

night, and I tell him what to do." Winnie studied the young man beneath her glasses. Was he not ashamed, when in his subjection, now and again agreeing: "Yes, mother, I don't know how I could get along without your advice," and all the while doing ample justice to the vlands. What insensibility! What ignorance of the rights and priviliges of glorious manhood! Alas, there were no longer any men, or if there were, they came and disappeared like veritable gods!

The anxious mother kept her eyes sharp-ly engaged with her son's conduct. When champagne was served, she cried out to an unobjectionable, unassuming young man apparently, since he kept his seat, and Ambrose," and Ambrose smilingly obeyed, while the butler nearly dropped the cooler in consternation, and Winnie's highly-inhypercritical to blame him for being where telligent nose expressed its highest degree

A singular young man, surely, noticeable on account of his defects. Well, it was remarkable for a modern young man to even attain distinction in this line! Why that didn't excuse him from his obligation of attention. But, no, he seemed thoroughly content to smirk and gorge and say, "Yes, mamma," and "No, mamma," like a roundabout having an outing.

At length, Mrs. Grantley's signal gave a welcome relief, which faded before a

shock. For as Ambrose Neames bowed and drew back her chair, he whispered to Win-nie with an undeniable air of tenderness: "Only for a few moments. Our memories share a responsive chord, you know, which will draw me to you." Was the man daft?
Or simply and naturally insolent. Winnie's
head was proud, indeed; her dreamy eyes
flashed angrily, as she replied:
"Cord!" she repeated, flippantly, "tis

apron string you mean. In the drawing room, Mrs. Neames, to further exemplify her strength of character, went to sleep without any dissembling. This gave Winnie a chance to gratify her curiosity, which, regardless of her indifference had become exigent.

"Tell me, Auntie," she asked, "why does that young man why does every one de-

that young man, why does every one, defer so ridiculously to her?"
"Hush, my child," said Mrs. Grantley.
"Why, don't you know? She is liable to heart stroke, and must be saved from any excitement. Such filial submission in a great, strong man seems noble to me." After this explanation Winnie retired to a corner and pondered; nor did she emerge therefrom until the guest aroused with a start and forthwith talked vociferously, as if continuing an animated conversation.

Then she sprang to the old lady's side and attended upon her with surprising gentleness. Mrs. Neames, however, did not make such responses as this consideration merited. She seemed preoccupied. Her gaze was fixed, fixed with a glare on the young girl's hand. Finally she spoke, and her voice might have embellished any one of the

"Where did you get my son's ring?" she "Please, ma'am, he left it with me; that is, I borrowed it, just to look at, you know," stammered the discomfited Winnie, as she incontinently retreated into her corner. How her cheeks burned and how her heart ble race. She felt as if every eye rested on her with suspicion. Oh, what should she do? Surely they, surely he, would under-stand that she had not known that her intense grip had removed and restrained the ring. She would explain, but how would she dare face him after her disdain? Ah, there lay the sting! No one for an instant would doubt her story; but would he not despise her nature? Then, was life forever after an impenetrable gloom! If this brown, subdued, demure young man was the hero of her dreams, who had diverted every impulse of her soul during the past month, then he was no longer brown and subdued and demure, but altogether glorious and worshipful. And what a miserable little fool she had been not to perceive it! Granted that she was near-sighted, a blind person of any discernment must have recomperson of any discernment must have recognized at once his grand personality. Had she, then, sinned beyond forgiveness? No; surely one so noble would ignore her flippancy, even as the lion scorns the yelping of a jackal. But was such forgiveness what she craved? Ah, fluttering heart, even to thyself thou dost not confess thy de-

There were pleasant sounds of laughter, and the men entered. Winnie watched Ambrose Neames with eyes of adulation. How gentle, how gallant he was, so considerate toward his mother, so courteous toward his entertainers. Ah, modesty was the only panoply befitting a knight without fear or shame! A great gratitude swelled within the girl and overmastered every other emo-tion. He had risked his life to save her, a stranger, from worse than death; no conventional scruple should restrain the expression of her appreciation. With a gesture which seemed imperious, because it was impatient, she called him to her side. "Shall we sound that chord, Miss Driscoll," he began gayly. "Or do you think that so dull a slave can have no thought save of slavery?

"Oh, don't! pray don't!" Winnie pleaded.
"Forgive me. I didn't recognize you. Oh,
you were so good!" and before he could comprehend or stay the emotion she bent and kissed his hand. Ambrose Neames flashed and flamed with passion. No one, surely, could deem him a brown, subdued and demure young man; and least of all could Winnie. He seemed a god manifesting his divinity. "I would rather have died than have had you do that," he cried "I am the one to worship, to worship you forever. Can't you feel, don't you know that from the in-

stant I saw you I have loved you?" Winnie sighed, oh, so tenderly.
"Ambrose!" she murmured, "Ambrose," what a dear name!" At this moment there was a sharp, discordant interruption. "My son," rasped Mrs. Neames's voice, "that young miss there has your grand-father's ring, which you said you had lost." "Yes," whispered the girl, "I have your

ring, and-and I'll keep it if you like." -New York Times.

## A DOCTOR'S FEAT. An American Swims from Scilla to

Charybdis. New York Recorder. Dr. Judson Daland, who has been investigating the cholera epidemic in Italy and

Sicily for the health officer of this port, writes the following to Dr. Jenkins's sec-

"While in Messina searching for cholera, in order to keep our health officer well informed of the sanitary condition of Sicily, I read of the terrible strong current and whirlpool in the Strait of Messina, more especially at that point between Scilla and Charybdis. It occurred to me that it would make a good swim, more especially as the hotel keeper, who had lived in the little fishing village called Faro, for thirtytwo years, told me that no one had ever swam across, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, although many had tried and failed, including the hotel keeper himself.
"I took to the water at 4:10 p. m. and arrived in good condition on the Italian shore at 6:30 p. m., a distance of six or seven miles. I started from the Sicilian side at Faro, which corresponds to the side at Faro, which corresponds to the Charybdis of the ancients, passed the rock

called Scilla and was forced by the power-ful current to make a landing at a little village called Riggio on the Italian shore. rents running apparently in all directions, the direction changing every few moments. These currents were at times warm and at others icy cold. There was a high wind and a choppy sea, making it extremely dif-

The Bulldog's Day.

the opera."

This season the ugly dog is the fashion. Grantley explained: "Papa had high re- | Maybe the bull dog will catch on.

good condition, and that evening went to

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Three Robbers-A Riddle. They were three robbers; aye, And they robbed a red, red rose; And they came from out the sky, And they went where no man knows.

One came—a robber bold— And a sable coat he wore, And a belt of dusty gold, And he robbed her treasure-store;

One came when the day was young, And rent the curtain gray Of mist that round her hung, And he stole her pearls away;

One came when the day was dead, And no one saw him pass: And he caught her petals red And threw them upon the grass.

Three robbers bold were they, And they robbed a red, red rose; And they came and went away, And whither-no man knows. -November St. Nicholas.

Indian Summer. These are the days when birds come back-A very few, a bird or two-To take a backward look.

These are the days when the skies put on The old, old sophistries of June-A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee, Almost thy plausibility Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear, And softly through the altered air Hurries a timid leaf! Oh, sacrament of summer days! Oh, last communion in the haze!

Permit a child to join, Thy sacred emblems to partake, Thy consecrated bread to break, Taste thine immortal wine.

-Emily Dickinson. Aftermath.

No field its grain gives double, But after sickles keen Have swept the yellow stubble The weeds grow bold and green.

My life cannot bear double Of faith and hope serene, But through the parching stubble The weeds are showing green.

Once I was glad with sowing. But now the fields are lean; Once life was sweet with knowing

Wearily through the stubble

At eve I go to glean,

And peace o'ermasters trouble

Because weeds grow between! -Meredith Nicholson, in Boston Transcript. Grief. The first great grief that comes into a life Seems hardest, for the heart has known

But when each day brings greater care and And life endures, the heart must hope

Then looking back to pain, from which we To stony ways we walked with bleeding feet, So bitter now the cup that what we drank In other days to us would now seem

Going to the Wars. Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To wars and arms I fly!

True, a new mistress now I chase, The first foe in the field, And with a stronger faith embrace A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such As you, too, shall adore— I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more. -Robert Herrick.

Love Is Love.

Art is fine-but love is finer, Who can paint the soul? Seek'st thou beauty? What's diviner, Fragment, or the whole?

Song is sweet—but love is sweeter.

Was there ever hymn
That for compass and for meter
Awed the seraphim?

Thought is great—but love is greater. Who can search our truth? Love alone is revelator; Love is love, in sooth.

-Richard Realf. My Garden.

garden is a lovesome thing, God wot! Fringed pool,

Ferned grot-The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not— Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool? Nay, but I have a sign; Tis very sure God walks in mine. -T. E. Brown.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There are 141 schools of theology in this country, with 686 professors and 6,989 stu-

In 1552 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savoring of In 1891 the sum of \$6,849,208 was donated

During the tenth century the Saracens had seventeen universities, Cordova being

The first schools for the separate educa-tion of girls were founded during the The agricultural capital of Europe has doubled since 1840; that of the United States has increased over sixfold.

A swarm of flies will make their appearance at a car window and easily keep pace with the train, even though it be rushing across the country forty miles an hour. Next to Westminster Abbey there is no place of sepulture of such historic interest in the British isles as Bunhill Fields, the last resting place of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts.

Mr. Eddy, of Bayonne, N. J., has devised a set of tailless kites. He has sent them up 4,400 feet, and they will rise in a dead calm. The Weather Bureau is interested in their workings. The origin of the American navy dates

from 1775, when Congress authorized the equipment of two cruisers. By October, 1776, the American fleet consisted of twentysix vessels, mounting 536 guns. When it becomes generally known that russet shoes can be easily shined with a

fresh banana skin or a piece of raw carrot or tomato or potato the sale of a patent russet polish may fall off somewhat.

The late Major Decker, the midget, weighed but a pound at birth and physicians predicted that he could not live two days. Yet he survived forty-four years, and it is said was drunk half of his life. Probably the richest town in the country in point of population is Brookline, a suburb of Boston. The inhabitants number less than 13,000 and own property valued at \$62,000,000. Its wealth increased 114 per

Needles were first made with very rude machinery in 1545. At that date a workman did well if he turned out ten a day. It is estimated that the present product of the United States exceeds 80,000,000 a year, while England makes 110,000,000.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470. One medical firm in this country now prints and circulates over 3,000,-600 a year, and it is estimated that the total number printed annually in this country does not fail short of 150,000,000. The highest price per pound ever paid for tea was at the Mincing Lane tea auction on Feb. 5, 1891, when a five-pound parcel of "Golden Tip" from Ceylon was knocked down at £25 10s per pound, or at a sum equal to \$123 in United States currency. The health commissioners of Minnesota have prohibited the exchange of lead pencils among the school children. They say

transmitted by putting the pencil in the mouth, which is a very common habit, not only with children, but adults. When the great tower now being con-structed at Wembly Park, near Harrow, in England, is completed it will be 175 feet higher than the Eiffel tower. The height will be 1,150 feet, and as it stands on a hill 165 feet high, it gains so much in extent of panorama. It will be built of steel.

that diphtheria and other diseases are often

In the plains on the western borders of the Chinese empire, in the very heart of Asia, there live roaming tribes who seldom on her finger, and, with feminine craft, | and side stroke, not using the back at all. | visit towns except it may be in the way of soon had the worthy woman engrossed in I encountered during the swim strong cur- trade. They dwell in tents, which they pitch wherever they may happen for the moment to be wandering or working. The government of Saxony has adopted a

novel method to secure the payment of taxes. The names of persons who did not | New York Weekly. pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in ail the restaurants and saloons. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink under penalty of losing their licenses. The proprietor of a cigar shop in Philadelphia died of black diphtheria a few days

ago, and that the danger of contagion | money away or keep it myself."

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

might be avoided, his body, in its coffin, was placed in the show window of his store during the funeral services, that his friends might pass by on the outside. All the neighbors flocked to see the somewhat uncanny spectacle

The sweet gum is now in its glory. This tree answers needs aesthetic and practical. Its dense but soft wood is drawn out into ribbons for the manufacture of berry baskets and its leaves, rarely beautiful in form, now take on a peculiar splendor. Leaves on a single tree are in all stages from green to dark crimson that is almost

Falcon island, which the survey of 1867 says was but 1.4 miles long and 165 feet above water in the highest place, is now nearly three miles long and four hundred feet high, and has two active volcanoes. The population in London in 1891 was 4.211,056. These people were distributed over an area of 74,692 acres, which gives an average of about fifty-eight to the acre all over the city, including parks and public buildings. In that part of London north of the Thames there are eighty-three people to the acre. There are several cities in England which have a greater average density of population than the larger half sity of population than the larger half of London, the half south of the Thames, which has only thirty-five people to the

acre. Broadened Out Considerably.

De Good-So you attended the congress of religions at Chicago. How did the proceedings affect you? De Pew-I am treasurer of a fund for the heathen, you know. "Yes." "Well, I don't know whether to send the

Good News.

Teacher-Yes, "thorny paths" is a meta-phor. Now, what are metaphors? Dull Boy-Paths where yeh can't ride pneumatics. Where Literary Tastes Differed. Philadelphia Record. Miss Waldo, of Boston-I do love Swin-burne. His melody is so-so melodious.

Miss Lakefront, of Chicago-Yes, and I do love his odes. They are so odious. Little Dick Has Views.

Good News. Little Dot-Womens is ever so much better Little Dick-They is, is they? Well, which would you rather have, a stepmother or a

stepfather? Lucky Little Boys.

Little Dick-I know why little colored boys is so happy. Little Don-Why? Little Dick-Cause their mothers can't tell when their hands are dirty.

Too Old Fashioned. New York Weekly.

Friend-You have lost your position on the Hightone Magazine, I hear. Dr. Greybeard-Yes, I accepted a manuscript which contained the expression "I presume," instead of "I fancy."

Would Have Known Better. New York Herald. He-What is the reason you won't let me kiss you when I ask you? Is it because you think I have kissed other girls? She-No, I acquit you of that. He-Indeed! Why? She-Because, if you had you wouldn't

A Thoroughgoing Disavowal.

Alice-Are you the person who has tried to create the impression that my teeth are Minnie-Heavens, no! I've said every-where I believed you were born with them.

In the Workshop.

"That Auger is a sharp fellow," said the Hammer to the Saw, "but he runs around

"Yes," replied the saw slowly, between his teeth, "and what an awful bore he is!" He Was a Real Boy, Too. Harper's Bazar.

"Mamma, may I have a cup of real tea, not just make-believe cambric tea?" "No, Stuart; my little boy is not old enough yet to drink real tea." "Well, I don't see why. You just let me eat a piece of real cake."

Johnny's Conclusions. Good News.

Little Ethel (at her arithmetic lesson)-What's a "quotient?" Little Johnny-It's what you get by dividing one number by another. "Oh, it's the answer, is it?

"Yes." Then why don't they call it the answer? "Cause that word is too easy to remem-